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MAY-MORN.

Hail, ever hail, Aurora's pleasant hour!
In Sunshine's arm reclined, still Nature sleeps,
And thus the dew drops, tears that Nature weeps,
That grace her cheek, seem like a golden shower.—
Anon the bee awakes the slumb'ring flower,
In busy haste the fragrant honey reaps;
The gallant stag thro' singing forests leaps:
All jubilees in Nature thro' thy power.

Regaling in thy sweet and balmy air,
The human heart re-echoes all this joy;
The burning brow thou coolest in its care,
And joy itself thou purgest from alloy.
Indeed, with Nature slave as well as king,
And age, and youth, alike thy praises sing.

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03.



ELOQUENCE.

“Dicendi recte, sapere est, et principium et fons.” That praises are without reason lavished upon exceptional blazings of mental excellence is the barren imagination of those who, being able to add nothing to truth or politeness, pursue eminence in the heresies of paradox in order to gratify the embarrassments of short-comings and fruitless solicitations to notice. Wherefore the argument commonly continued in behalf of incapacity would appear to demand qualifications without deficiencies, or what is nothing else, to hamper after ideal perfections, altogether unattainable. Such, however, has been the experience of the past that man has justly learned to value a faultless item, though it be enveloped with baser materials, equally as to him the diamond remains a treasure even in a matrix of earth and shale. But to what purpose, it may be asked, are such reflections, except to prosecute a general folly and to indulge language to no use? If they could serve no other purpose than a distinction between the true and the chimerical, our object seems attained, and the particular excellence of intellect, which we are about to describe, may now assume its station with approval, and honor him whom casualty has favored.

Eloquence, the gift of true speech, is a rare power, meagerly distributed among men, and, if a singular attainment, is by no means essentially united to perfection of mental equipment or extensive and laborious acquisitions. It is merely the voice of truth, a simple unique representation of nature. These only can please many and please long and in general. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a while by that

novelty of which the society of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth. Hence we may infer latitude for eloquence in all stations of life. The true-hearted peasant, the candid historian, and the upright parson may be eloquent, whereas the philosopher withal must be so, since eloquence means to speak to the purpose. However, it is incident to society to reserve the exalted powers of speech in their real meaning to the dignity, turbulence, and violence of the rostrum. Here the deepest reverence has been paid to it, and over the parapet of the speaker's platform, wisdom has in ages past guided the reins of destiny or become an equal cause of happiness or calamity. History commemorates worthy occasions of oratorical brilliance from the sparkling genius of the passionate Greek, swelling to a frightful fervor with a fierce and haughty spirit of liberty, down to the stern manliness of the dignified Roman, exorbitant on one hand in his demands, and on the other, rigorous in the execution of punishment.

But the admirers of this great faculty have most reason to complain when it approaches its highest excellence and seems fully resolved to transmute all things into the fabulous ideal; for no sooner does it commence to do its work best, when it ceases to do it at all and finds egress from its unwieldy situation with all the deformed improprieties that ignorance and neglect can accumulate. If there is, what we conjecture to be in every nation, a certain pattern of phraseology which never becomes obsolete because of its consonant expressiveness, it remains with those who, without ambition of elegance, speak only to be understood and would not sacrifice truth to improprieties and plausible reasonings. Politeness is the golden

apple for which the public speaker is often wont to interrupt his career in profitable disquisition, and turn to harsh, uncongenial and moodish innovations. The learned, too, frequently depart from established forms of speech in hope of making that style better for which age has already established preceptive veneration. Add to this the capricious pampering at gaiety with the consequent revolution of social opinion, and we shall have no difficulty in understanding why rant very often comes to be mistaken for eloquence. It must be no accident of correct speech to engage in reciprocations of smartness and sarcasm, for such is the petty caviling of petty minds, and a performance likely to force approbation from the vulgar with whom the admiration of glistering phrase is instinctive.

Whatever may be the decided idea of eloquence, we are likewise to know that striving after it demands more than a mere appearance of toil, as that wonderful simplicity in language means to dress nature to advantage, a task in no way droll or comic. Man as to his sentiments is the genuine progeny of general nature, and he will understand and express her principles in proportion to his adherence to her originality. The two great factors in society are good and evil, of which the latter is absurd, momentous in its vicissitudes, full of horrors and distresses, and virtually an abode where nature breeds all things perverse; it is at once obvious that eloquence finds no lodging here. The former is merry, cheerful, gay, and sober, or better still, it is the domain of virtue. Life finds more than a formal representation in the good, even as objective realities are more than phantoms, or as a thing of value transcends its glittering accident. Now they who have an affection for eloquence may no longer pine unsatisfied if they will

look into the good as into a mirror with a discriminating eye, and understand that what is obtruded on sight at first, is not perfect, if each point does not meet exact correspondence in reflection. Hence they may sagaciously infer their actual situation, discern their blemishes and apply efficacious remedies. A man, though, who professes oratory in the hope of distinction must do more than elevate himself above the first roundel of the ladder to success. In him an indispensable preliminary is an unsullied character, void of idle pretensions, which never indulges vanity or gratifies malignity, but is only satisfied in the endeavor that his appearance on the scene has left men wiser, happier, and more prudent. All this urges no trifling exertion of the human powers; for to be eloquent in public is to be persuasive, to be sound in understanding, to possess an extensive acquaintance with human nature, and, moreover, a strong sensibility of mind, a warm and genial disposition united to correct judgment and powerful command of language, promoted by all the graces of pronunciation and delivery. The advantages of a gainly appearance are in no case of such paramount service as not to be conveniently forfeited. All adventitious peculiarities of personal cast and habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, and without any durability of luster. They only please the eye, and please no more when they are not seen; but the sharp discrimination of true passion and good sense are the colors of nature, readily communicable to all times and all places, whilst the body that exhibits them is permeated by them so thoroughly that they will only perish with its own decay. No language, as already noticed, has such power of virtuous and worthy feelings as the native tongue, either in exalting the speaker to fame or in fanning

the flames of animation. Again, we know not any circumstance that is more happy or conducive to eloquence than sincerity. This to a large extent is the praise of men who labor not to maze the imagination with whims and buffoonery, but essay to cure it from the delirious ecstasies which those who torture language with the sentiments of untruth have conjured up to us. Something very plausible in the pursuit of eloquence is a masterly acquaintance with the general circle of polite literature. Literary influence will at no time fail to enlarge original talent, to gratify fancy with beautiful models of expression, and to systematize the workings of the mind. Affability in argument is another point of great weight in social life, and, deservedly considered, important to eloquence; for rashness and boisterous speech are alike wanting in sense and intolerable. But to lay down rules for eloquence is futile, as the design of human nature is large, yet altogether comprehended in the gift of speech. Any man, however, may attain to it who will but allow his mind to become a field cultivated by the spirit of purest aspirations, and who will understand that knowledge and wit may obtain enviable reputation, but that good sense and truth are always most persuasive and constitute the essentials of eloquence.

MEINRAD B. KOESTER, '02

WEEP NO MORE.

When thy cherished hopes are failing,
Sorrows deep thy heart assailing,
In thy sadness thou art wailing,
Weep, O weep no more!

Grief is but of short duration—
Nigh the day of coronation.
What a day of jubilation!
Weep, O weep no more!

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE poetry of Gray, though delicately if not richly imaginative and curiously studded with imagery, has never become very popular; his subjects, in general, are beyond the sphere of human interest. There is, however, one noteworthy exception. Like a Thomas a Kempis among writers on spirituality, Gray with one little poem has crept into the ranks of memorable authors; while many after him with productions numerous and lengthy have risen to note and again relapsed into obscurity, the fame of Gray survives in his admirable elegy.

Images finding a mirror in every mind, and sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo, are the secrets of its popularity. The melancholy that pervades the whole is said to be the natural expression of sorrow over the death of West, his intimate friend. The tolling of the curfew bell, the return of the flocks, and the farmers plodding homeward, present a scene of transition from activity to that temporary repose, which symbolizes the eternal rest of those beneath the turf on which he stands. The fall of night with its enticing stillness, the mouldering tower, and above all, the gloomy moping of the owl are, circumstances of peculiar aptness to evoke and sustain a series of quiet and mournful reflections.

From the narrow cell where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" he passes to a retrospective view of their earthly pilgrimages, sketching with graceful simplicity their lowly toils and pleasures. Then remembering that death inevitably comes to all, he suddenly interrupts the reminiscent strain to warn with didactic voice the rich

and powerful against despising the poor; since like the humble walks of life,

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Yet, though the bones of the dead do no longer reveal distinctions of birth and rank, will not posterity join superior merit and virtue with panegyrics and costly monuments?

Here is a cause capable of setting the poet's being aglow: the vindication of the poor man's right to honor and grateful remembrance against the verdict of survivors, to whom rude graves and precious monuments are measures of desert. That lofty intellects are also found among the meaner class, and that the noblest virtues blossom in obscurity; these are the truths he wished to clothe with an attractiveness that would guarantee their currency and perpetuity. Most of all does his poetic vein bubble up with fervor and beauty as he burst forth in these memorable lines:—

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

If it should ever be the fate of his famous elegy to be submerged in oblivion, this stanza will as a fragment float down to posterity.

Then, still further to heighten our esteem for lives of lowness and obscurity, he contrasts them with the vices and crimes of those, whose careers are beset with honors and dignities. Once more he sings the anthem of praise over the laudable traits of the poor, and then with beauteous plainness he describes their frail memorials. Finally anticipating the time when the spot, at present the object of his contemplation will be his final resting place, he permits a hoary-headed swain to relate the story of his earthly wanderings.

The elegy seems to have gained its celebrity less from the loftiness of its ideas or the luxuriance of its poetical imagery, than from the exquisite neatness of the garb with which the poet has decked its simple truths and the pathetic tone with which he pleads in behalf of the humble dead. By his liberal use of synecdoche and the assignment of action to inanimate objects, he imparts an unusual vividness to his sentiments; while through frequent personification of abstract ideas, he diffuses that tinge of softness which we cherish in a poem whose central idea is death.

Some of his lines are remarkable for onomatopoetic strength; as for instance:—

“The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea.”

Or when he asks for him who left the precincts of the cheerful day,

“Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.”

These lines convey the idea of hesitation both on account of their long syllables and the great number of sounds capable of being prolonged to advantage in pronunciation.

It may be difficult to find in our literature another poem with such a preponderance of words, the most melodious in our tongue. The elegy is characteristic not only of the complete absence of all harsh combinations of consonants, but it comprises a superabundance of liquid consonants; and as most of the syllables are composed of continued sounds, their utterance permits of a musical ring, without violation of the rules of quantity.

Our emotions on reading the elegy are similar to those elicited on hearing a song which in touching strains commemorates the story of an orphan boy or a blind beggar; the latter, unlike any other song, affects our innermost self and we never tire of its repetition. So, too, the poet, as in melli-

fluous verse he sings of the poor, their lives, their graves and memorials, at every new perusal awakens in us lively feelings of compassion for their fate.

SYLVESTER HARTMAN, '02.

AVE MARIA.

Ave Mother! dearest Maid!
On thy altar I have laid
All my sorrows, all my cares;
Take them, Mother, with my prayers.

Ave Mother! dearest Maid!
Thee my homage I have paid.
Take my parents in thy care;
This, sweet Mary, is my prayer.

Fairest Maid! With merry sound
All my brothers gather 'round;
All my sisters, dear to me,
Let them all thy refuge see.

Purest Virgin! Most renowned!
We in thee our hope have found;
Our Alma Mater guard,
Steering ever heavenward.

W. SCHEIDLER, '05.

A TALE OF SHADY BEND.

SHICKATONE valley borrowed its odd name from the beautiful stream which drains its fertile bed. A traveler reaching the summit of the hills that serve to separate this pleasant spot from the rest of the world imagines he discovered Paradise. At one end the peaceful Shickatone slowly enters, winding its way through the fields, dodging around several villages, and then loses itself in a dense forest at the other end. Groups of beautiful little cottages, surrounded by orchards and cultivated gardens, green meadows decked with herds of cattle and sheep, gave evidence of a thriving people. The most conspicuous object was a large stone building somewhat colored by age and partly overgrown with ivy. Here in this old university, if such it may be called, was centered all the wisdom of Shickatone valley.

One dark night, many years ago, while a gentle April shower lulled the good inhabitants to sleep, only one dim ray of light from a university window left a sign of human existence in the valley. There all alone in his study sat Chess Blake, leaning back on his chair with his right ankle resting on his left knee. One hand supported his bony chin while the other hung loosely at his side, holding a cheroot which had long ago gone out. On account of the scarcity of hair on his small oval pate one might easily have misjudged his age, but he had only passed one score. His otherwise good appearance was slightly marred by a long sharp nose which reminded one of a species of snipe. His countenance was a mixture of shrewdness and determination.

How peculiar it is that human inconsistency should find its way even into an institution of

learning and lead reasoning creatures to meditate revenge upon their fellow-beings! But this was really the case with the person who thus sat apparently watching the large rain drops as they rolled down the window-panes. It was very late before he rose, grumbling something to himself, and extinguished the light. His plans were laid, and, feeling more satisfied, he sought his couch.

Now Blake was always considered one of the head push, not only at the university, but also in the neighboring villages. He enjoyed the reputation of a learned scholar and a very energetic young man, which, on some accounts, he well deserved. Certain traits of his character, however, were not calculated to receive the commendation of the better class of people. He was feared more than respected, admired rather than loved; in fact, he cared little about this, for he loved no one but his younger brother Earl, and hated no one but his rival, Tom Slattery. Tom was younger than Chess, but an abler scholar. He knew well the disposition of his fellow-student and being of a different nature did all he could to please him. Though both were very ambitious, it would have been difficult to draw a line between ambition and pride in the case of Chess Blake. He had often been out-classed by Tom both at school and in society, especially when the latter took a bold stand against some of his foul schemes. Chess, out of policy rather than politeness, tried to conceal his anger and even joined him in hunting,—a sport to which both were addicted. Blake would have used one of these opportunities to rid himself of his rival had he not feared the strong arm of the law. Now, however, he had conceived a plan that would insure success and leave no trace of guilt.

Not long after breakfast the following day, the first of the Easter Holidays, Chess sought his

enemy in the college yard. "Good morning, Tom," said he, placing both hands in his hip-pockets. "Say, how about a little outing to-morrow? The ducks are coming down, and I have no doubt there would be some fine sport out at the sloughs."

"By Gum!" ejaculated Tom, as he removed a cigar from his lips and surveyed the sky, "that's no bad idea; this is just the time for them. Say we do."

"Agreed! But we ought to be there early in the morning to get the first show at them. In that case we will have to go this evening and camp for the night at the Old Hill. How does that suit you?"

"Just the same to me. I'm not afraid of ghosts."

"I will go to-day and get the camp ready. You can row up the river this evening after supper and meet us there. I will instruct Earl to get dad's rig and bring the provisions this evening."

"All right, Chess. Expect me to-night. I must go at once and clean up my old Parker." So saying he started towards the building wondering at the kindness of his unpleasant comrade.

Blake, with a grin of satisfaction, turned in quest of his brother. He soon found Earl and gave his orders regarding the provisions, but took good care not to acquaint him with his real scheme.

The same morning found him paddling up the river. He would not have wondered why the boat moved so easily could he have seen the devil walking over the water with his tail hooked into the fore-end of the canoe. The end of the valley was soon reached and he landed near a place known as Shady Bend, a name which it received from the old 'varsity boys on account of a thick cluster of trees that here marked the bend of the stream. At this place the river was very deep and com-

paratively narrow, being supported on both sides by very high banks. Just at the bend a stony cliff fifty feet high reached nearly over the stream. Here Chess sat for some time gazing at the water as he devoured the contents of a lunch basket. All afternoon he toiled and succeeded in rolling two huge rocks to the edge of the cliff. Chess Blake's trap was set. The rocks were so placed that, while the canoe would necessarily pass directly below, a movement of his hand would send one of them on its fatal journey. He examined everything once more to ensure success and then sat down to watch patiently for the opportunity of satisfying his wicked desire for revenge.

* * * *

The bright king of the firmament had driven his fiery chariot beyond the western horizon, and darkness slowly crept over Shickatone valley. It was an ideal spring evening, rather cool. A light-hearted youth of nineteen was rowing a small canoe up the river little dreaming of danger to any one except the ducks. The moon seemingly mourning the loss of her better half, lent a silvery tinge to the waves, thus enabling the anxious hunter to discover the game. Oft he would grasp his gun in the hope of getting a shot, but reluctantly lay it aside again to take up the oars. Thus he moved on with the happy anticipation of a day's sport, when suddenly a piercing shriek was cut short by a terrible splash, and a black-hearted villain peeped over the cliff at Shady Bend only to see a few fragments of the boot floating on the water below.

Chess immediately started in a cross-cut direction towards the Old Hill to meet his brother Earl. Fear began to seize him, every tree and brush, even his own shadow, scared him, and the leaves and twigs cracked under his feet as if a whole army of evil spirits were pursuing him. His pace

quickened until he was running with all his might. Suddenly a familiar voice rang out, "What are you after, Chess?"

The guilty wretch stopped short, the gun fell from his grasp, and as the speaker neared him, he summoned all his remaining courage and stammered out, "Is that you—Tom?"

"Sure! Did you think I was a ghost?"

"—Where is — Earl?" quickly inquired Blake.

"He's coming. Your father needed the rig himself, so I let Earl use my boat to bring the grub. He must be up there by this time."

"I hope he is up —," and the fratricide fell upon his knees.

* * * *

These two former college rivals are now the best of friends. Not long ago while out on a stroll I chanced to climb a high cliff which overhangs the river. There under a shade-tree sat an old bald-headed man, his elbows resting on his knees. His wrinkled hands holding a small rosary hid his face from view. I noticed a few tears trickling down his long gray beard and, approaching nearer, inquired the cause of his grief. After relating this sad tale of his brother's death, he pointed to a stone at the edge of the cliff, looked straight in my eye and said, "How true!"

Walking over I read the words, "Revenge is Mine, saith the Lord," deeply engraved in that huge rock which to this day bears witness to the tale of Shady Bend. C. A. VANFLANDERN, '03.

P. ANGELO SECCHI.

DAYs past and present confirm the fact that men who begin to tread the slippery path of human knowledge are often found to overrate learning. It is in truth this spirit of pride and ambition which endeavors to prove the disharmony of science and faith, which would feign propose to us as incongruous terms, the study of nature and the Bible, human products of investigation and divine revelation. To see the absurdity and insolence of such overbearing opinions we have but to consider the life of a man, who in our days furnishes a striking proof, that a way-paving naturalist can at the same time be a firm believing Christian. This man is one of the most celebrated astronomers and physicists of modern times, the Jesuit P. Angelo Secchi.

A natural thirst for knowledge, the influence of excellent teachers with various other circumstances had a favorable effect upon Secchi's education. They procured for him not only a general or liberal knowledge, but also a thorough preparation for that branch of natural science, in which he was to produce such great and wonderful results. His early studies he began in his native city Reggio in Upper Italy, where on June 29, 1818, he was born as the son of a carpenter. In school he studied very diligently, devoting his powers to all branches, but acquiring above other things a deep and solid knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics. At the early age of fifteen he entered the Society of Jesus and pursued his elementary studies in Rome, where he continued them with extraordinary success. Then followed the study of philosophy and theology, during which his bent of mind for the natural sciences became more

and more evident. But astronomy, in which he was to immortalize his name, occupied only a secondary place in his preparatory studies. Only after an apparent misfortune was he brought a step nearer to his sphere of scientific investigation.

The revolutionary year 1848 had raised most violent storms against the states of the Church and its Ruler, Pope Pius IX. Not even Secchi was spared, as the flames of revolution raged in Rome against the Jesuits whose expulsion took place in the same year. Uncertain of the dim future, Secchi, like his brethren, had to go into exile. At first he went to England. Soon afterwards a professorship of mathematics was offered to him in the University of Georgetown, Washington, which he accepted with gladness. At Georgetown he made the acquaintance of several savants, who exerted a powerful influence upon his future career. As he was here made co-adjutor of the astronomer of the observatory at the University, he became an expert in the use of astronomical apparatuses, so that in every respect, he was not only theoretically but also practically instructed in the important profession upon which he was soon again to enter.

Already in 1849 the Jesuits were permitted to return to Rome after French troops had quitted the revolutionary movement by force of arms. Secchi too was recalled from America and remained at first in Stonyhurst, England, where he entered into intimate relations with English astronomers. In the meanwhile the director of the Roman observatory, De Vico, the celebrated discoverer of several comets, went to his eternal rest. In his last moments he expressed the wish to have his former pupil Secchi as his successor, and so it really happened. Already in the year 1850 Secchi

displayed his restless activity as director of the observatory and professor of astronomy in the Roman College. The many important discoveries he now makes can only be fully appreciated by such as have sufficient knowledge of astronomy and physics. We will only survey his scientific investigations in their principal features.

The poor condition of the instruments at the Roman College in those times allowed no exact measurements. On this account Secchi was forced to apply himself chiefly to the observations of the physical nature of constellations, the so-called Astro-physics. This branch almost unknown up to that time became now a worthy rival of mathematical astronomy, for which progress it is mainly indebted to P. Secchi.

As but a few years ago the celebrated Roentgen Rays were still unknown, which penetrate almost any substance so that the human skeleton can be examined in a living person, so likewise did some decades past ignore of what material the sun and fixed stars are composed. Whether hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, or entirely strange substances were to be found in the heavenly bodies, or whether they were in the solid, liquid, or gaseous state, was a problem apparently impossible of solution. But the probably impossible has become a reality by means of the spectroscope, which separates the light of the heavenly bodies into various colors, and from the variegated lines visible in the apparatus can be determined with precision the matter constituting the luminary body.

The spectroscope was however not invented by Secchi, but he improved it to such an extent that even stars of the ninth magnitude could be examined. Since the year 1852 he was employed in its experiments. A few years later other new

and important laws were discovered by which the hieroglyphics of the spectroscope could be deciphered with ease. And Secchi was indeed among the first to make use of such new inventions on a large scale. Of more than five thousand stars, consequently more than are visible by the naked eye on a cloudless night, he investigated and determined both the matter and the condition. He divided them into four distinct classes or groups, which can be found with more or less modifications in every astronomical text-book. With special care and fondness he studied the physical constitution of the sun, and gathered his own as well as the experiments of others in a laborious work of two volumes, "The Sun" (Le Soleil), which makes him appear as one of the chief investigators of the sun.

We will omit the other astronomical discoveries of Secchi and only add that he distinguished himself likewise in other departments of learning; namely, in the field of Physics, for which his excellent work, "The Unity of the Forces of Nature" (Unita delle Forze Fisiche) bears ample testimony; and, again in Meteorology, in proof of which we have but to refer to the Meteorograph invented by him. This was an instrument by which all phenomena of temperature, as air-pressure, atmospheric moisture, the force and direction of the wind, were automatically determined. At the world's exposition in Paris, 1867, this apparatus excited universal admiration, and procured for P. Secchi a medal of gold.

The few allusions to Secchi's untiring activity are still supplemented by other important facts which may serve as a striking illustration to the foregoing sketch of his life. The first is his unwearyed diligence bordering almost on the wonderful. He has left nearly eight hundred monographs,

each of which demanded a series of difficult observations and calculations, and this indeed besides his other countless astronomical experiments. It will appear that, if we equally divide the immense number of his writings into the short space of his active career, he studied and explained in all its relations a new scientific question every fortnight.

The other fact is the impartial and unanimous acknowledgment Secchi received from all savants. This general avowal, however, was manifested chiefly at the death of Secchi in 1878, when there were indeed but few learned societies who showed not their sorrow for the irreparable loss science sustained by the decease of the illustrious Jesuit. All European newspapers forgetting sectarianism celebrated his merits. That these praises and honors are really genuine is seen at once if we cast a glance at the "black robe" of the renowned savant, and that ominous "P." before his name, and still more his belonging to the Jesuits,—all circumstances which would have certainly darkened his fame had its light not been irresistible like that of the sun.

Secchi was not only a man of knowledge, but also of religion. Daily he read Mass, prayed his breviary and rosary. No wonder then that throughout his life he preserved a virtue which is not always found among men of his fame and learning—Christian humility. He considered himself a child playing at the sea-shore and finding now and then a pebble of rare beauty, whilst before him he saw concealed the vast ocean of truth. Secchi has truly attained his aim in life; for he united wisdom and piety, and gave an incontrovertible proof that science and religion are in perfect harmony with each other, since any contradiction would have certainly been perceived

by this great and penetrating mind. His tomb-stone is devoid of worldly splendor, but by his diligent labors he has reared himself a monument more lasting than brass and loftier than the royal structure of an Egyptian pyramid. When his political adversaries, who greatly embittered the eve of his life, shall have long perished in the Lethe oft he world's history, Secchi's name and the memory of his merits will remain as long as man lifts up his eyes to the skies in quest of knowledge.

S. J. KREMER, '02.

MAY.

In May the earth new-carpeted, adorned
With vernal chaplets, filled with jubilation.
Cannot express the deep-felt exultation
That courses throbbing fast thro' all creation,
That but a while ago so sadly mourned.

How breathe the winds so soft! The skies so blue!
Upon the branches blossoms-laden swinging
Concert the birds, their charming music ringing
Upon the ear, most gladsome tidings bringing:
At once they drop and bathe in morning dew.

Our hearts are merry with our joyfulness;
We feel new-born, elated, happy, free.
What joy, the budding trees, the meads to see
In all their splendor, all their comeliness!

Fair Nature doth in figure but express
The beauties that bedeck the Queen of May,
To whom all men—her children—homage pay;
The Queen of splendor, joy and loveliness.

X. J. '03.

MOTHER!

There is a word as sweet and dear as "home"
A word that moves and melts a marble heart;
That makes the desert to a paradise,
And heals the wounds of Fate's malignant dart.

'Tis "mother"—pleasant and undying word!
Without a "mother", say, what is a home?
'Tis but a dreary night without a star;
Without a "mother" homeless must I roam.

'Tis "mother" alone that makes my joys so sweet;
My brothers, sisters are but satellites;
'Round this bright sun in home's delightful heav'n—
They borrowed but their soft and mellow lights.

Is there a home without a "mother's" smile?
O happy home, where "mother" day by day
Rules, like the moon her silver sheep at night,
The little ones in her benignant sway.

Ah! if thou hast a "mother" still, rejoice,
And thank the Lord who gave this "mother" thee;
O pray for her with all thy heart and soul,
That hers a long and happy life may be.

Attend on her in necessities,
And love her as the apple of thine eye:
There is no gem, no pearl on earth so dear,
As is to thee thy mother. Thou know'st why!

There is no pleasure in this joyful world,
That may compete with thy sweet mother's kiss;
There is no sight so charming on this earth,
Than be in her embrace. Oh, what a bliss!

There is no friend so true among all men,
As is thy mother; nor a friendly hand
So soft and warm as is thy mother's own:
O happy child, the richest in the land!

Is there a place so safe as mother's breast?
Is there a fragrance like thy mother's breath?
Ah no!—Then love and cherish all thy life
Thy mother—gentlest mother—till her death.

CLASS WORK.

I.

The night is dark, gloomy, and dismal. Dark clouds shut out all light from the heavens. Darker still is the western sky. Fiery tongues are hurled from one gloomy center into the depths of another. The distant rumbling of celestial artillery is audible. We find ourselves on the banks of a river and fancy leads us to the door of a hut. Beside the dying embers of his evening's fire sits a man. His frame is like iron, his build that of a giant. While his head rests sullenly upon his arms, his spirit seems to be buried in deep thought. His heart is with its Maker's love. Suddenly a flash breaks in upon him, followed by such violence of the elements as seems to rive the canopy of heaven into shreds. He rises, stares about; everything seems to flare with blue light. He goes to the door of his hut and looks into the darkness, but all is not—darkness. Does he not discern some white object near the bank? He approaches it. "Child, what dost thou here? Thou canst not cross now." "I must", answers the infant. The man remembers the promise to carry every one over when required. He gathers his cloak close about himself and assumes his light burden. The center is reached. The waters seem angry because he disturbs them. The wind howls in the neighboring forest and the elements rage. "Child, thou art as heavy as the world itself." "Thou dost not only carry the world, but Him who made the world. Thou art Christopher."

II.

George Alton sat alone in his bare chamber, his spirits oppressed him, his thoughts made him

heave, his mind was dark and full of by-gone events and the vicissitudes of his life. The study-lamp cast a pale light about him and enveloped his features in a pallid hue. He had failed! His ideals had vanished! Was life worth living? Suddenly his countenance assumed a dark and sad expression, his eyes gleamed, something above the ordinary had control over his thoughts. He rose, dressed for a walk, and soon emerged in the street below. Good Friday was already enshrouded in the dark veil of night, and a night it was as it had been a day, full of dreariness, without a noon. The morning twilight had embraced the evening dusk without a ray of sunshine to intervene. George sought the darker ways, the darker the more agreeable to depressed spirits. Suddenly the lights of a large Church, gleaming through the massive walls as beacons to the unwary, struck him fully in the face. He quickened his steps to pass the House of God, but was unwillingly stayed immediately before the portals by sounds that seemed to call to him from some unknown depth. The door of the vestibule stood ajar and from within came the strain:—"Jeruaalem, Jerusalem convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum." Thrilled with awe and seized with reverence he waited for me, then he heard the solemn chant of the antiphon, he grew impatient and drew nearer. Then came the solemn and measured strains of the "Miserere." They captivated his soul and dispelled the clouds of disbelief. "Can there be a God?" The impulse which the answer gave was unbearable, it took but a moment. He opened the door, dropped on his knees before the Creator, and there poured forth the anguish of his soul. But *One* knew what the Blood of the Lamb had wrought that day.

R. B. '04.

III.

UNANSWERED.

The fragrance of the honey-suckle and sweet clover hangs heavily in the air. Upon the soft breeze the tramp of many feet is borne to the ears of two vigilant watchers. A company of men swing around the corner and march up the street. An officer waves a farewell to a sad-faced young wife and little girl. As the company disappears the little one is heard to say, "Mamma, when is papa coming back?" She is pressed closer to her mother's heart and a stifled sob burdens the fragrant air.

* * * * *

Far across the sea, shot and shell are screaming death as they tear through the smoke-clouded atmosphere. The stars and stripes flutter from a strong entrenchment. The victory is almost gained, when the banner quivers, and is down. A young officer leaps upon the breast-works, replaces the flag and is met by the death-screaming missives.

* * * * *

The fragrance of the honey-suckle and sweet clover hangs heavily in the air. Upon the soft breeze the tramp of many feet is borne to the ears of two vigilant watchers. A company of men swing around the corner and march up the street. The sad-faced wife and little girl have watched in vain. As the company disappears the little one is heard to say, "Mamma, when is papa coming back?" She is pressed closer to her mother's heart and a stifled sob burdens the fragrant air.

G. J. A. '05.

IV.

A RED CARNATION.

The sun smiled upon the earth and warmed the spring breezes that swept over budding nature. A delicate fragrance hovered in the air, and as I nestled beneath the bright, blue heavens, my cheeks glowed until people stopped, and looking at me, would remark, "Isn't that a beauty;" whereat I blushed a deep scarlet, and the color never subsided. A cloud darkened the sun and gently sprinkled cool, delicious drops over me. I expanded and eagerly quaffed the refreshing draught. The shower having passed, I stood with the rain drops sparkling on my rosy lips and sending forth a fragrance sweet as new honey.

A young man—a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a satchel and light overcoat—came into the garden and was greeted by the gardener. "Why, Mr. Jack, home at last! The master will grow young again; he has missed you sorely, sir."

"And I—I am glad to get back. You have some fine flowers here, Martin; that red carnation is a beauty. Cut it and a bunch of those white ones for me."

We were wrapped in tissue paper and placed in a long box, just seventeen of us. The young man put in his card, J. M. Edgeworth, on the back of which was written:—

Dear Pen.—Just arrived. If after three years absence I am not forgotten, wear the red carnation at Watson's assembly tonight.—Jack.

A red-haired boy now took us, and after a long walk he ascended a flight of stone steps and rang a bell. We were handed to some one, carried up another stairs and into a room; the lid was taken from the box and then a beautiful creature

with light hair, and deep blue eyes, picked up the card. As she read it, waves of color swept over her face and tears clouded her eyes. Taking me in her hands she drank deep of my fragrance and —the next moment I was held close to her lips. She fastened me in the folds of her dress and from my place over her wildly throbbing heart I read, as she wrote with tremulous hand:—

Dear Jack—The flowers are lovely and as I write I can smell the red carnation that is pinned at my breast—Penelope.

And in the air floated the scent of flowers and the soft voice of a happy maid.

G. J. Arnold, '05.

V.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

(From the French by Courier.)

One day I traveled in Calabria. It is a country of very wicked people who love none, least of all a Frenchman. To tell you the reason of this would take too long; suffice it to say that they hate us very bitterly, and one has a sorrowful time of it if he falls into their hands. Among the mountains of that country the roads are on precipices, and our horses scaled them only with the greatest difficulty. My comrade went ahead, but not being acquainted with the roads, struck into a by-path which appeared to him to be shorter and more practicable, leading me into a maze of brushes and briars from which we could not extricate ourselves. We searched during the whole day for a way leading out of the forest. But the more we searched the more deeply we got entangled so that it was quite dark when we arrived at a hut or cabin in the forest. We entered it, though not without some misgiving, but what could

we do? We found there a whole family of coal-miners, for that is what we took them to be, who immediately invited us to sit with them at table. We did not let ourselves be coaxed long, so we were soon eating and drinking as heartily as any of them. With a side-long glance I hastily scanned the apartment and the faces of my new hosts. These last had truly the appearance of coal-merchants, but the interior of the house would have been mistaken for an arsenal. Guns, pistols, sabers, knives and cutlasses stood, or were hung up against the wall in great profusion. Everything displeased me, and I soon saw that I was displeasing also. My companion, on the contrary, seemed to belong to the family. He laughed, jested with them, and, though an imprudence that I should have foreseen, (but what? if it were written) he shortly after told them whence we hailed, where we were going, and that we were French. Imagine a little; at the home of our most mortal enemies, strayed, alone, and so far from all human succor. And to omit nothing that could possibly hasten on our ruin, he pretended to be rich, promised to defray the expenses of the morrow's guides, and seemed even ready to give them his money. Finally he spoke about his valise telling them that they should take good care of it, and have it placed at the bed's head, saying he did not desire any other pillow. O youth! youth! how thy age is to be lamented. The supper being finished, the family left us. Our hosts slept down-stairs, we, in the upper chamber where we had eaten. Our bedroom was a sort of loft, raised about seven or eight feet from the ground; it was reached by means of a ladder. The rafters were almost bending with the weight of about a whole year's provisions hanging to them. My comrade crawled in first, covered himself with

what bed-clothes there were, and was soon fast asleep with his head on the precious valise. Having built a good fire, I seated myself near it, determined to keep watch while my companion slept. The night had almost entirely passed away, and that peacefully enough, and I began to congratulate myself that the hour of dawn was not far distant, when I heard below me the low voices of my host and his wife wrangling and disputing in a very unusual manner. Placing my ear against the chimney which communicated with one below, I was able to distinguish these words of the host: "Well, must we kill them both?" To which his wife answered, "Yes," and I heard nothing more. What shall I say? I remained their, leaning against the chimney, scarcely breathing, my whole body grown cold as marble. To see me one would not have known whether I was dead or alive. My God! when I think of it! We two with only a few weapons against twelve or fifteen who had so many of them. My comrade was fast asleep, and to call him, to make any noise whatever, I did not dare. To escape alone I could not. The window was very low, but standing below were two fierce mastiffs who howled and barked like wolves. You may imagine if you can in what a predicament I was. I heard someone coming up the stairs and through the partially open door I saw my host with a lamp in one hand, and one of those long wicked knives in the other. He began to scale the stairs, his wife following him, while I crept behind the door. He pushed it cautiously open, but before entering he set his lamp down which his wife came and took. Then she entered with bare feet and in a low voice said to her husband, at the same time placing her hand around the lamp to obstruct its light: "Softly, go softly." Having come to the ladder, he began climbing it, his

knife between his teeth, and having reached the level of the bed where lay the poor youth with his throat uncovered as if baring it for the stroke, with one hand he seized his knife and with the other Ha! he grasped a ham hanging from the rafters, sliced off a great piece, and silently withdrew. The door closed, the lamp went out, darkness again fell around, and I remained alone to my reflections. As soon as it was day the whole family came with much noise to awaken us as we had requested them. They served us up a very delicious breakfast composed of two vast fowls, one of which we were to eat and the other to take along with us for our journey. In seeing them I understood the meaning of those terrible words: "Must we kill them both?" and I believe, dear reader, that you have so much penetration yourself to understand what they meant.

FELIX DIDIER, '04

MAY.

Slowly creeps the Summer's transient smile
Over fertile mead and forest glade,
Whilst prolific rains the brooklets rile,
And Winter's wrath to yearly rest is laid.
When Springtime reigns in power alone
On Nature's flow'ring bosom throne.
May, the month of pleasure, hope, and love,
Welcomes Mary, Heaven's spotless dove.
Ev'ry twitt'ring wood and blooming vale
Welcome May within their shrouded pale
She of months the blushing queen
Glands us with her royal sheen
And makes us render thanks to God
Unscathed by Winter's chast'ning rod.

V. Meagher, '05.

THE BRIER-ROSE.

One morning with the early bee
 Our Lord went forth to Galilee.
 He traveled briskly on the road,
 And as He past a forest strode,
 A brier-bush no wrong it thought—
 Our Holy Savior's mantle caught.
 He held it fast with sharpest thorns;
 “Thy garment my bare branch adorns;
 I shall not let Thee ere thou givest
 A favor me before Thou leavest.”
 The Lord assented. At His wink,
 Fair roses, purple, white, and pink
 Adorned the bare-branched brier fence,
 Sweet roses bearing ever since.—

When thou before thy Savior kneelst
 And His attractive virtues feelest,
 Then clasp thy arms around His breast
 And never loose the grasp thou, lest
 He gives the grace thou beggest for,
 And pierce thee to thy vital core
 With His mild, sanctifying grace,
 That shines like mil-ion sunny rays.
 Entreat Him: “Lead me to my goal,
 O Jesus, Jesus, bless my soul!”

V. H. '03.

A REVERIE.

When the evening shadows fall
 On this wild, tumultuous bay;
 When I hear my master's call—
 Swiftly then I sail away.

When warm blood shall course no more
 Through this proud and dismal clay;
 When I leave this dreary shore
 O'er the sea to sail away.—

Must I leave then hearts so true
 On that sad, yet joyful day?
 Love's kiss bids a sweet adieu
 As my bark glides o'er the bay.

H. J.

PHANTASY.

Sweet fancy now in play her wings unfolds
In delicate pursuit of phantoms fair,
Her fleecy vesture flows in radiance rare,
New fallen snow her lovely form appears;
While she in vapor-colors paints and rears
For youth and reckless votaries to fame
Bright gilded castles and a sparkling name.
With locks soft waving o'er her pearly ears,
High elevated on the car she stands,
Drawn by cerulean maids to fabled shores
Wherever Ganges and Hydaspes wind
And fate the destinies of man doth spin;
But tangled in his chords she here deplores
The tender offspring of her brilliant mind.

M. K. '02.

THE RUIN.

The ruin glows in the evening-ray
Speaks loud of the ages gone-by,
Of pomp and of glory, of glitt'ring array,
—Where is it now?—
Winds answer a sorrowful sigh.
Here is the pathway where formerly strode
The lord of this castle of might;
And now 'tis the night-bird's, the robber's abode,
Where formerly vaunted the knight.
The ivy creeps where the maidens danced,
In the ample and beautiful hall:
Too weak were the bowlders of granite against
The time—for time ruleth all.

03

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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 It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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EDITORIALS.

The month of May stands out from the twelve as a diamond from among the score of rubies, set in a queen's diadem. We love it for its freshness, sweetness, gentleness, and soft caresses; but we love it more particularly for the thrilling devotion it breathes—the devotion to that motherly woman and queenly beauty—our Blessed Lady. May her great power, humility, and purity be so many magnets for our needy and thirsting souls.

Athletics at St. Joseph's have at last come to mean something more than clumsily kicking a pig-skin, or running a ten-yard dash on Washington's birthday, or batting a yarn-ball with an old fence-palling. Our athletic association has acquired not only local fame, but has even invaded territories strange to it, and has returned with bright-red scalps. This season we are on the war-path with courage and determination vitalizing every nerve and sinew. We expect to make the "wagon-tongue" and the "horse hide" a means of recreation and indirectly a help to the good cause of education so fondly cherished by Alma Mater. Above all things let us bear in mind that defeat is not disgrace, nor even a humiliation. On the contrary, defeat honorably and cheerfully suffered, will bring more credit and fame to St. Joseph's than brilliant victories accompanied by rowdyism. St. Joseph's has the reputation of sending forth gentlemen into the pulpit, into the school, into the commercial world, and let it not be said that she ever contributed anything but gentlemen to the "diamond." Remember boys, athletics are but begun here, and "well begun is half done." This trite phrase has reference more to our *conduct* than to our success in playing. Discard all rowdyism and uncouthness, all looseness and temptations to imbibe. Let us display the same qualities of grit, courage, ability, kindness and cheerfulness among strangers, that we possess and practise at home in the class-room and study-hall. Then, to our opponents we will always bid farewell, either jubilant in victory, or respected and admired in defeat,—in both cases as gentlemen and typical students.

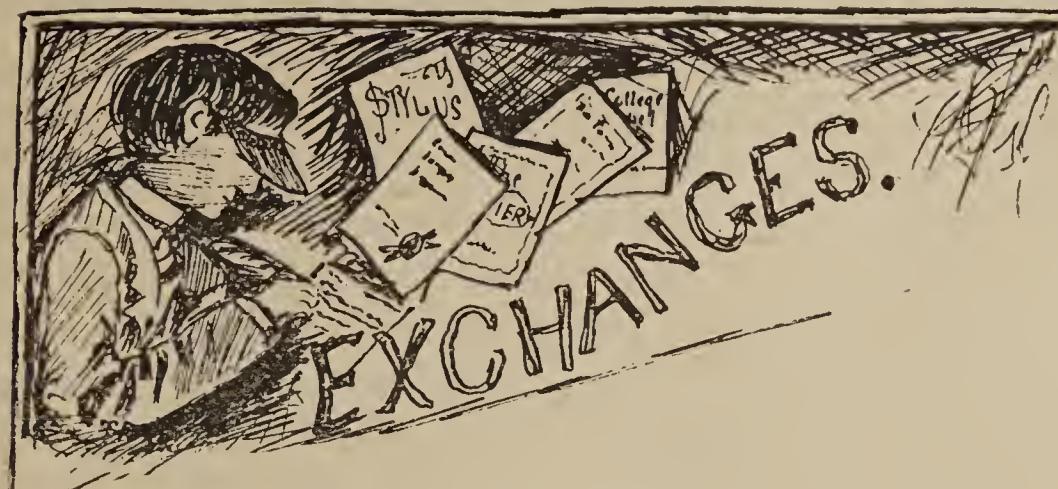
The second session is rapidly drawing to a close, and the most conspicuous event at such a time of the year is the annual examination. This examination is indeed the barometer of a boy's

work during the year, and likewise of his subsequent two months' vacation. As a man liveth, so will he die. As a boy worketh, so will he play. If heart and soul have been in his year's work, there will hardly be a limit to his capacity or enjoyment during the summer months. These few remaining weeks we call the home stretch; but remember, the examinations are a sort of hurdle, which we must clear gracefully and cleanly, if we would alight safe on the winning side. Remember, too, that there are spectators ready to praise or to hiss. Father, mother, brother, sister, pastor, friend or professor, have hopes in us, and we must not cut their anchorage. Therefore, boys, like the soldier of valor, grip your weapons, steady your eye, arch your breast, and advance determinedly, through din and dust, till finally the cloud of smoke lifts, leaving us in a calm and serene atmosphere, and displaying to us a shining silvery lining. Hurrah for the collegian's vacation! Nothing equals it.

In reading an account of the Masonic National Fair, held at Washington, D. C., in April, two statements struck us forcibly. In the course of description the account said: "There are a greater number of prominent Masons in this city than in any other in the country." The account winds up with the statement: "More than half the members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives are on the honorary committee." Where the honey, there the bees. There is more Masonry clogging the Government cogs than is good for it. That this sect, as we may call it, has sinister motives in concentrating its power, influence and energy at the very heart of the nation, there can be little doubt. The whole country has at different times felt this influence, as is evidenced not so much by the passage of laws as by the op-

position shown towards certain just and equitable laws. No one feels this baneful influence sooner or oftener than the Catholic Church. Masonry and Catholicism will never be friends. So long as Masonry has the upper hand in Washington, the Church will continue to suffer petty persecutions. Another unpleasant conclusion is forced upon us. Whoever or whatever opposes the Catholic Church, opposes truth itself. And for the opponents and the antagonists of truth and revealed religion to shape and direct the government operations and policies, is a condition of affairs that taxes our patriotic pride and faith in our country's boasted destiny. The sooner the world learns to keep its eyes steadily and firmly upon the Catholic Church, its principles and teachings, and learns to spurn as it would venomous vipers all so-called rituals and quasi saints, the nearer will it approach truth and that state of felicity wherein all men love each other as brothers in Christ Jesus.





Among the numerous spring frosts, fair nature has deigned to send us a personal one, wafted along on a brisk Eastern gale that perchance blew through the mind of an ancient ally of St. Joseph's publishing association. Said personality shriveled our blossoming spring pretensions to an autumn crisp by his appalling judgment on the April issue of the *Collegian* from which he predicts that our standard is on a downward slide. But blast your apprehensions, friend sincere, and though your shot was surreptitious, it was far from being a stunner. We do not mind being bombarded when our individuality is present, but are loth that a porcupine should surrect his quills in our absence. Now to smoothen out all the brow-beating and malicious squinting to which our tender April blossom was subjected, we are constrained beyond our modesty to explain that the literary department was forcibly repressed to allow room for our unprecedeted celebration and local novelties. Events of similar kind are quite appropriately recorded in the local journals, and that our April number is local is precisely what we intended. So much to dispel hallucinations and illusions, and we hope that our friends will rejoice at seeing us again in a new garb and in full spring-time thrift.

How it comes that humanity in our withering times is so fastidious as to wish that every single individual should be on top of the crowd is turning out to be a serious and awful riddle. Even our most pet exchanges rival for that slang dash of the coquette which says, "you are the cap of the stack in everything." Such extravagant praise we are not wont to scatter in hap-hazard profusion, and we only amicably extend to our neighbor the reputable notions his efforts have created here. Quite in this fashion do we view the neatly wrought work from many diligent pens in *Mt. St. Mary's Record*. It presents a story, the "Prodigal's Return," alike interesting, significant and of a possible character. In point of imaginary power and versatile elegance it deserves much compliment, and the striking portrayal of persons together with a probable succession of events make its pages very attractive. "About a Tramp" and "Teachers" give assurance of honest and worthy labor. The latter essay contains some fair knowledge and much instructive allegory.

The *S. V. C. Student* from Los Angeles possesses able biographers as "Stephen Mallory White" and "Thomas Moore" attest. If practice is expedient to perfection in affairs of life, then the publishers of the *Student* should in particular persevere in biographical sketching, as the diligence and study evident in their productions presage future good results. "The Gratitude of a Savage" is a story well told, but excites more interest in the beginning than the denouement will sustain. If even the California muses are blunt to the influence of balmy spring, they plainly need a cudgeling.

Nine months past the *Notre Dame Scholastic* began to look green and living and, all the ice and cold of winter could not subdue its verdure. Many

a dainty morsel of genuinity and tale of pleasantry has been caught up from its pages by our literary voracity, while its steady adherence to a formed ideal makes it the very quintessence of our ex-list. The quality of its accomplishments outdoes the most exquisite skill it ever evinced in former years.

In the *Xavier* the essay on ideals is a vigorous sally against several prominent modern fopisms. The introductory lines contain a thought so expressive and forcible that we think a reproduction won't harm just as it reads: "In these late days of ours with all their baseness and sordiness, their materialism and their selfishness, we nevertheless hear much talk—mostly cant and hypocrisy—about ideals—ideals of men, ideals of life, ideals of art, but only here and there do we even see the slightest attempt to approach or embody these ideals in our lives from day to day." Quite so it is, fully as bad, and the future makes allowance for something worse. In this essay the thoughts are complete and coherent; they rise from a mind that has gained the mastery over its subject. The language is very energetic, metaphorical and profuse in apt illustrations. The three stories of the number are flavored by those flashes of wit and genius quite peculiar with the publishers of the *Xavier*. There is a music and a twang in the poetry that makes you fairly resonant.

The *Viatorian* hauled in somber and gray as a philosopher, But we soon found him patriotic, for he did good work at "Vally Forge". Next he flailed out some good thoughts on "Christian Education", and in fact got at the bottom of some solid truth. An essay of this nature must have called on patience and much drudging study, but the '03, who wrote it, seems handsomely quali-

fied. "Genesis and Evolution of the Divine Comedy" is a rather lofty subject. In fact it means to "sore aloft on wings and plumes of high desire," but amateurs should first slide through their knickerbockers. "Garcia M reno", though well written, is more a eulogy than a biography. The writer deserves credit for his perspicuous, smooth and easy diction.

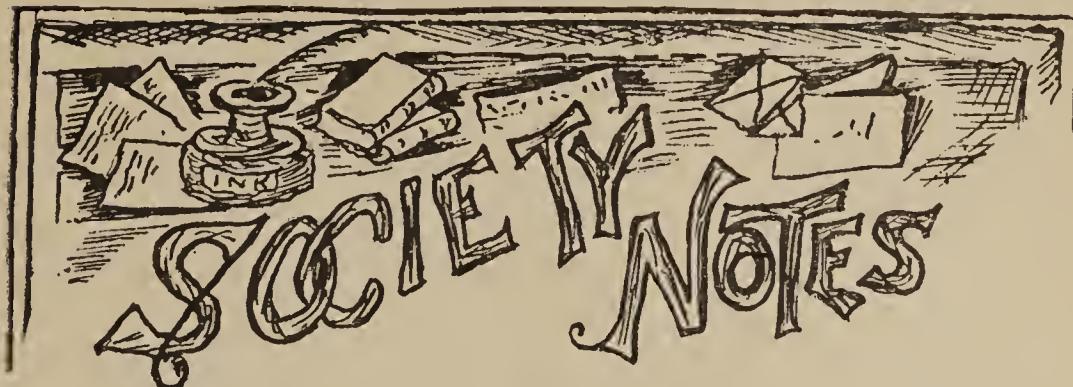
St. Vincent's Journal, your muse must have been caught up in the snow storms of last winter and apparently frozen beyond the power of thawing. Your prose work recommends much ability, and where prose is good, poetry is certainly not wanting but may be not cultivated.

"Cardinal Wolsey" is a strong and beautiful epigrammatic sketch from the life of this great man in *The Mountaineer*. "Footprints on the Sands of Time" and "The Maryland Toleration Act" are commendable.

N. B. But college journals, goodness! goodness! your lack in poetry is intolerable. Have you no charity for the pining muse who longs to shed her influence on you? Be a suitor, be a rival in the match, and if you can't do better, at least outstrip this catch:

"An' now auld Cloots I 'ken ye're thinken,'
'A certain Bardie's rantin,' drinkin,'
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'
To your black pit;
But, faith! we'll hope ye'll turn a corner jinkin'
An' cheat us yet."

MEINRAD KOESTER, '02.



No previous scholastic year in the history of the Columbians has been marked by a more regular list of bi weekly programs than the one presently drawing near its close. Great improvement has also been made in the reading room. Owing to the untiring efforts of our Rev. Moderator, Father Mark, a large list of new and valuable books has been added. We think we are justified in saying that this year has been a most successful one.

In a meeting held April 13th, the following new officers were elected: Pres. Mr. S. Hartman; Vice Pres., Mr. E. Wills; Sec., Mr. A. McGill; Treas., Mr. J. Braun; Critic, Mr. C. VanFlandern; Editor, Mr. X. Yaeger; Marshal, Mr. R. Goebel; Sergeant at arms, Mr. W. Scheidler; Librarian, Mr. F. Didier; Ex. Committee, Mr. R. Monin, Mr. J. Wessel, Mr. P. Welsh.

The following two programs have been added to our long list of entertainments since the last publication of the Collegian:—

Program, Sunday, April 16th.

1. Music.
2. Recitation, "The Smith." Mr. B. Alt.
3. Debate: "Resolved that a large college affords more opportunities for receiving an education than a small college.
Aff. Mr. A. Koenig, Neg. Mr. R. Goebel.
4. Music, Vocal Solo. Mr. F. Mader.
5. Fictitious Essay, "Man". Mr. G. Arnold.
6. Declamation, "A One-Horse Chaise". Mr. A. Bernard.

7. Essay, "France under Louis XIV.".....Mr. R. Monin.
8. Farce, "The German Farmers"
Messrs. E. Buchman, B. Wellman, E. Frieburger.

Program, Sunday, May 4th.

1. Music, Zither Solo.....Mr. X. Yaeger.
2. Recitation, "General Cambronne.".....Mr. C. Grube.
3. Oration, "The Power and Influence of an Orator".....Mr. T. Hammes
4. Essay, "Perseverance.".....Mr. J. Naughton.
5. Music, Vocal Solo.....Mr. M. Ehleringer.
6. Farce, "The traveling Company with the latest edition of Prince Henry and the Spaniards."

Cast of Characters:

Theopholus Sharp, A Lawyer.....Mr. A. Schiedler.
Peter, Office boy.....Mr. J. Dabbelt.
Hans Bungenspingel, A Shoemaker, Mr. M. Schwietermann.
Mr. O'Lary, Police.....W. Scheidler.
James Flashing, and Insurance agent.....Mr. R. Halpin.
Giovanni Boccioco, an Italian.....Mr. H. Muhler.
Nicodemus Morosimi a Tragedian.....Mr. F. Wachendorfer.
See Hang, a Chinaman,.....Mr. C. Holthaus.
Wrasco Calmati, a bear trainer.....Mr. J. Steinbrunner.

In the first program the debate proved a most interesting one, and to the greater glory of St. Joseph's resulted in a victory for the negative. The second program was at its best when Mr. T. Hammes occupied the floor. This gentleman is making a special study of oratory, and we may look forward to him as a future leader of the Columbian Society.

The next and last literary program of the Scholastic year will be rendered next Sunday. A new and interesting feature will be the reading of the "Columbian", a paper devoted to Wit, Humor, Local Hits, and "doggies." The Society will soon begin rehearsing "The Druids Ambition" which will again be rendered in the College Auditorium, Monday, June 16th., the Eve of Commencement.

Marian Sodality. Sunday, May 11th, again beheld an addition to the children of Mary. The following received their diplomas and were solemn-

ly admitted into the Sodality: Messrs. Raymond Bremerkamp, Clarence Holthause, Frank Maley, Patrick McCaffrey, Robert Ottke, Gilford Jackson, William Lieser, Martin Connell, John Hunt, and Joseph Miller. The Rev. Spiritual Director, Father Hugo, delivered a most beautiful and eloquent sermon depicting the life of Our Blessed Lady, and especially setting forth her humility as a model for our imitation. He also exhorted all to take advantage of the many opportunities for gaining the various indulgences connected with membership. After the usual ceremonies the "Magnificat" was sung whereupon the Sodality adjourned. Every Sunday evening during this beautiful month of May the Sodality marches in solemn procession to the Grotto in the South Side Grove to chant the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN '03.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Practical Explanation and Application of Bible History." From the very title of this book we can at once perceive its inestimable value and merit. Among Catholics we often find that the reading of the Bible is sadly neglected. They say that they cannot fully understand it, and hence they neglect the perusal of the inspired word of God. Here, however, in this book the Rev. Editor has sought to expound in terse and simple language the most important and practical parts of Bible History. How well he has performed this onerous task will be told in the good which it shall accomplish. It would certainly fulfill a much needed want if this invaluable book were introduced into our Catholic schools. The lessons and instructions are so

systematically arranged that they can with little toil and labor be inculcated into the plastic minds of the young, but for people in every station of life its merits are priceless, and the good it will accomplish cannot be estimated. This book is handsomely bound, and is printed in clear and excellent type. It would be an ornament to one of the most costly libraries. The price is \$1.50 at Benziger Bros.

H. A. H.

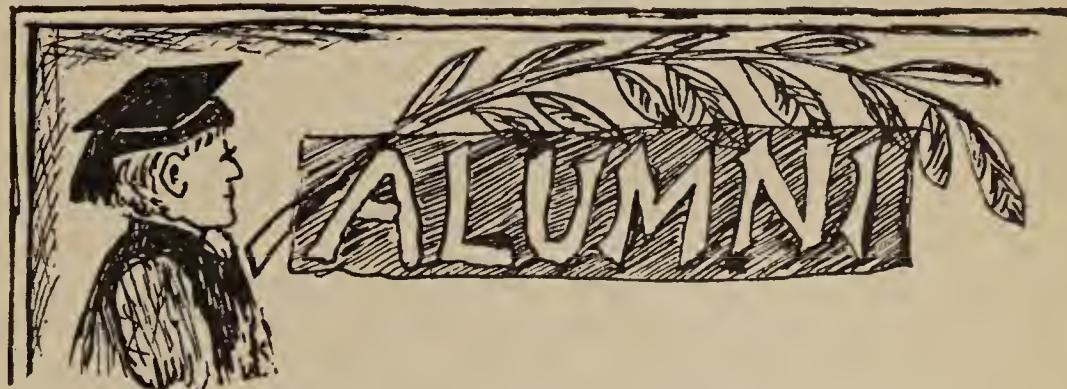
PERSONALS.

During the latter part of April and the early part of May, St. Joseph's was delighted with more than a few welcome guests. Among the clergy were present the following:

Rev. Alphonse Laux, C. PP. S., Chicago; Rev. Leopold Linder, C. PP. S., Winamac, Ind; Rev. Michael Muehe, C. PP. S.; Rev. Joseph Abel '96, Hammond, Ind.; Rev. George Hoerstman, Reynolds, Ind.; Rev. F. Koenig, Lowell, Ind.; Rev. John Berg, Remington, Ind.; Rev. John Haubrig, Browne, Iowa. Rev. M. J. Byrne, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. P. V. Byrne, C. M., President of St. Vincent's College, Chicago; Rev. Francis Feely, C. M., and Rev. James Murray, C. M., also of St. Vincent's, were down to attend the ball game on Wednesday, May 7.

The Very Rev. Provincial, B. Russ, and the Very Rev. B. Austerman, ex-provincial of C. PP. S., are welcome visitors at the College.





The newly ordained priests who during the past month have said their first Holy Mass must indeed be truly happy. Because after many years of ardent and zealous study, partly at St. Joseph's, they have attained the highest goal of their ambitious career and are now workers in the vine-yard of the Lord.

May their life from now on be blessed with a true and happy sincerity, for according to the very words of our Lord: "Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedech.

At Mishawaka, Ind., on Wednesday, March 19, Rev. Bartholomew Besinger '96, celebrated his first Holy Mass in St. Joseph's Church. Rev. A. B. Oechtering, the pastor, preached the sermon. P. Eugene Grimm and P. Nicolas Welsh of St. Joseph's College acted as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

Rev. Besinger while a student of St. Joseph's enjoyed great popularity and now carries with him the wish of success from his former friends in his new field of labor at Philothea, O., where he is at present stationed.

At St. Remigius' Church, Russia, O., on Sunday, March 16, Rev. Basil Didier said his first Holy Mass. Father Benedict, our Rev. Rector, preached the sermon. Rev. J. Uphaus was arch-priest, Rev. P. Trost deacon, and Mr. Gustave Didier of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, a brother of

the *neo-presbyter*, sub-deacon. Rev. Basil is now stationed at St. Sebastian, O.

Rev. Christian Daniel '96, celebrated his first Mass at Reedtown, O., on Sunday, March 20, in the Church of Assumption. Very Rev. B. Austerman preached an eloquent German sermon. Rev. G. Jussel was arch-priest. Rev. L. Notheis deacon, and Rev. Francis Buechel, sub-deacon. Rev. Christian has been appointed and is now a member of the St. Joseph's College Faculty.

Rev. Jerome Ueber '96, celebrated his first Holy Mass at Maria Stein, O., on Wednesday, March 19. Rev. P. Trost preached the sermon. All the students of the St. Charles' Seminary attended the Mass in a body and the choir was in charge of our former music professor, student Arnold Weyman.

NOTES.

Invitations have been received at St. Joseph's for the first Holy Masses of the Rev. L. Eberle and Rev. W. Sullivan, both of the class of '97. The latter celebrates his Mass on Sunday, May 25, at St. Mary's Church, Lafayette, Ind. The former says his Mass on June the first in St. Charles Borromeo Church, Peru, Ind.

Rev. Robert Mayer '96 is now stationed at Glandorf, O.

Rev. Dionysius Schweitzer '96 is assisting at Burkettsville, O.

Rev. Jerome Ueber '96 is assisting the Rev. Dr. Hueser at Huntington, Ind.

W. JOHN WESSEL, '04.





The opening base ball game of the season between the St. Aquinos and the St. Xaviers was played on Sunday, April 20th. The game was considered one of the best played at the college for some time. Both pitchers were in good form, but Van Flandern was given better support than Monin. The St. Aquinos made a run in the first inning on a double by Bach and a single by Wessel. In the sixth inning they found Monin for five hits which gave them three runs. They secured their lead in the seventh by terrific batting, giving them four runs as a total for the inning. Wachendorfer opened the batting for the St. Xaviers with a single; he stole second. Grube sent him across the rubber with a single to right. A double by Koenig and a single by Stoltz gave the St. Xaviers a run in the sixth. They scored their last in the ninth on Stoltz's two base hit followed by Schaefer's hit for the same number of cushions. The fielding of the St. Aquinos was of the gilt-edged order, every man in the team was a star in the field. For the St. Xaviers, Schaefer made a sensational catch with one hand of a hot liner.

The final score of the game was 8 to 3 in favor of the St. Aquinos. The score and summary follow:

ST. AQUINOS 1 0 0 0 0 3 4 0 0—8

ST. XAVIERS 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1—3

Two base hits—Bach, Wessel, VanFlandern,—Stoltz, Schaefer, Koenig. Hits—off VanFlandern 8; off Monin 13. Struck out—by VanFlandern 8; by Monin 12. Bases on balls—off VanFlandern 2. Time of game 1:40. Umpire—Marshall.

On Sunday April 27th, the St. Aquinos and the St. Xaviers played the second game of the regular series. The game was not near as snappy as the one of the previous Sunday, and had it not been for the exciting finish, it would have been devoid of interesting features. For the first two innings the game was close, but in the third, the St. Aquinos got a bad case of rattles and they made errors galore, and as a result the St. Xaviers gathered in five runs. After this inning both teams played good ball, the most notable feature being the great up hill game put up by the St. Aquinos. They made one score in the third on hits by Hoerstman, Welsh, and Braun. Hits by Wessel and Halpin combined with errors gave them two runs in the fifth. By good hitting the St. Aquinos scored once in the seventh and twice in the ninth. After the third the St. Xaviers did not score until the ninth, when they piled up two runs which enabled them to win out by the score of 8 to 7. The score and summary:

ST. XAVIERS 1 0 5 0 0 0 0 0 2—8

ST. AQUINOS 0 1 1 0 2 0 1 0 2—7

Two base hit—Bremerkamp, Didier. Three base hit—Wessel. Base on balls—off VanFlandern 1. Hits off VanFlandern 12; off Monin 13. Struck out by VanFlandern, 11; by Monin, 13. Time of game 1:50. Umpire—Parker.

The St. Vincent's College base ball team, of Chicago, came to Rensselaer on Wednesday, May 7th to play the S. J. C. representative team. St. Vincent's has a strong team, which has been defeating every team that met them this year by one-

sided scores. They expected, no doubt, to come here and win "hands down", but how badly they were disappointed the score will show. That they did win the game is owing more to their good luck than to their superior playing. We easily out-batted them, and our battery was far superior to theirs. Errors at critical stages of the game turned certain victory into defeat.

The following is a detailed account of the game. Morrison, the first man up for the St. Vincent's hit safely over second. Donahue bunted to Monin and was safe at first. Griffin bunted to third cushion, and Welsh put Morrison out at the third. Donahue stole third but was afterwards caught napping. Kersten struck out. For St. Joseph's Bach went out on a grounder to short, Stoltz was safe on a slow one to third. He stole second. Wessel singled, scoring Stoltz. Wessel stole second. Wachendorfer hit safe to right, scoring Wessel, but was caught trying to steal second. Welsh was out at first. 2 runs. In the second inning, Gorman flew out to Bach. Lejeune was out on an easy one to Welsh. Moore went out from pitcher to first. In the St. Joseph's half, Hoerstman struck out. Braun did the same. Arnold was an easy out from pitcher to first. Ray opened up the third inning by striking out. Britt stole second. Morrison was safe on an error by Wessel. Donahue sacrificed. Griffin singled to left, scoring Britt and Morrison. Kersten hit a fast one to Wessel which was missed and the ball rolled into right field, Griffin scoring in the meantime. Kersten was put out at second. 3 runs. Monin, for S. J. C., was put out at first. Bach singled to center. Stoltz was safe on a bunt. Wessel's hit scored Bach and Stoltz. Wessel was caught trying to steal second. Wachendorfer was out from second to third. In the fourth, Gorman

went out at first. Lejeune went out the same way. Moore was safe at first. Ray went out on a liner to Braun. For S. J. C., Welsh went out from second to first. Hoerstman was safe at first on an error. Braun hit safely. Arnold flew out to left. On the throw-in Hoerstman, who had led off too far, was put out at second. Morrison was safe in the fifth on an error. Donahue was safe on a slow one to third. Griffin hit safely to left, scoring Morrison and Donahue. Kersten singled over second, and Griffin scored. Gorman hit a slow one to short and was safe at first. Lejeune went out on a fly to Bach. Moore struck out. In St. Joseph's half, Monin was out on a liner to short. Bach was an easy out at first. Stoltz was put out from short to first. Ray opened up the sixth by sending a fly to Arnold. Britt hit a safe one into right field. Morrison went out from Welsh to Wessel. Donahue was out on a bunt to Monin. Wessel, for S. J. C., put a single over short. Wachendorfer was put out at first. Wessel was caught sleeping at second. Welsh and Hoerstman were safe on errors by third baseman. Braun closed the inning by going out at first. In the seventh, Griffin was safe on a grounder to third. He stole second and third, but was caught leading off too far. Kersten flew out to Wessel. Gorman sent a fly to Bach. For S. J. C., Arnold was safe at first on error. Monin sent a grounder to short, forcing Arnold at second. Bach hit for two bases, scoring Monin. Stoltz singled, scoring Bach. Wessel hit safely to right. Wachendorfer went out on a grounder to pitcher. Welsh was out from third to first. 2 runs. The eight was started by Lejeune sending a fly to Bach. Moore was given his base on balls. Ray send a grounder to third. Welsh threw to second to catch Moore, but Braun muffed the ball, and both runners were

safe. Britt sent a grounder to second which Braun missed, Moore scoring in the meantime, and Ray was advanced to third. Britt scored on Morrison's sacrifice. Donahue made the third out from pitcher to first. 2 runs. Hoertman for S.J.C. went out from short to first. Braun was out by the same direction. Arnold was out being hit by a batted ball. In the ninth Griffin failed to connect. Kersten flew out to Wachendorfer, Gorman hit safely, Lejeune went out from pitcher to first. In St. Joseph's half, Monin singled. Bach went out at first. Stoltz flew out to center. Wessel sent a safe hit past second, scoring Monin. Wachendorfer was out from Moore to Lejeune. 1 run. The final score was 8 to 6 in St. Vincent's favor. The result of the game was highly satisfactory to the inmates of St. Joseph's, and although we were defeated, still it was an honorable defeat, for it must be remembered that this was the first time S. J. C. ever met a college team on the diamond, and besides, the St. Vincent's play about three games with colleges every week, and in this way they are enabled to get the fine points of the game down to perfection. The line up and summary follow:

ST. JOSEPH'S	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E	ST. VINCENT'S	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
Bach c f	5	2	2	4	0				Morrison s s	5	2	2	4	7	1		
Stoltz c	5	1	2	3	2	0			Donahue c	5	1	2	3	1	0		
Wessel 1 b	5	1	3	13	1	2			Griffin c f	5	2	2	1	0	0		
Wachendorfer r f	5	0	1	1	0				Kersten r f	5	0	0	0	0	0		
Welsh 3 b	4	0	0	3	2	2			Gorman p	5	0	1	0	3	0		
Hoerstman 1 f	4	0	0	0	0				Lejeune 1 b	5	0	0	13	2	2		
Braun 2 b	4	0	2	2	2				Moore 2 b	3	1	1	5	4	2		
Arnold s s	4	0	0	1	0				Ray 3 b	4	1	0	0	4	1		
Monin p	4	2	2	0	8	2			Britt 1 f	3	1	1	1	1	0		
Total	40	6	12	27	13	8			Total	40	8	9	27	22	6		
ST. VINCENT'S	0	0	3	0	3	0	0	2	0	8							
ST. JOSEPH'S	2	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	1	6							

Two base hit—Bach. Struck out—by Monin, 4; by Gorman, 3. Bases on balls—off Monin, 1. Time of game—1:40. Umpire—Tharp.

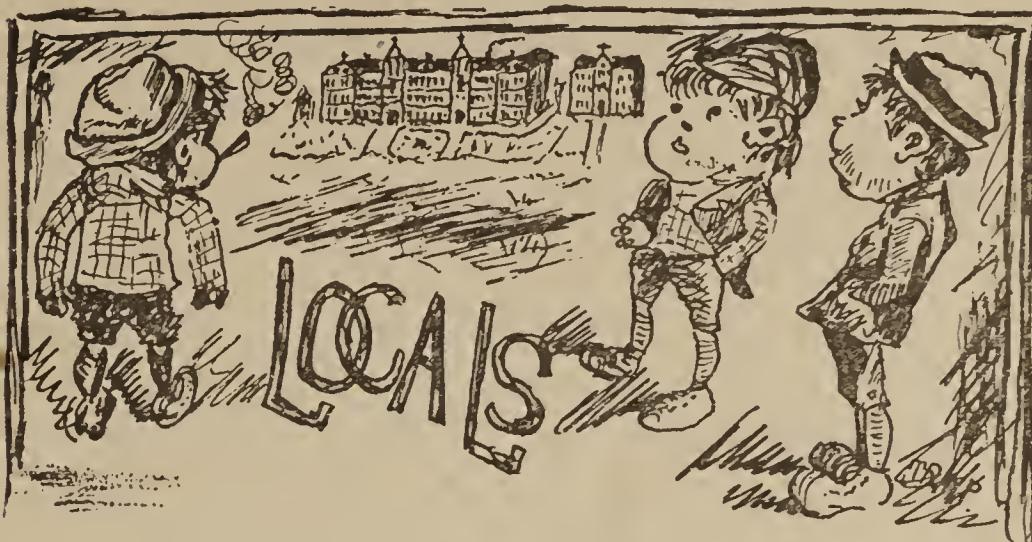
SPORTING NOTES.

The new uniforms have arrived from Spaldings. The uniforms are pearl gray shirt and pants with royal blue cap, belt and stockings. They make a fine appearance and are by far the best quality uniforms ever worn by a base ball team at St. Joseph's.

The S. J. C. representative team intends to pursue a policy somewhat different from that of former years. We have decided to play only college teams and those clubs from cities that are known to have strong teams. We believe that all fair-minded persons will agree with us in saying that this is a step in the right direction. By playing small towns even if we do win, we get very little glory out of such victories, and the prestige and influence of the college is not advanced very much in such contests. It is our firm conviction that by playing only teams that have a reputation, we will do ourselves and our Alma Mater much good. It may be that we will loose the most of the games to be played by the representative team this year, but every college had to work to the front in athletics by playing a loosing schedule the first few years; and perhaps S. J. C. will have to do the same, but the day will come when S. J. C. will win from teams that are to-day by far her superiors. We trust that the inmates of St Joseph's will agree with the members of the team in this matter, and that they will help us to come to the front in athletics.

We play at Delphi, May 22nd.

E. A. WILLS, '03.



Are you (Ready) "Shorty"?

"Sus" is becoming quite popular.

Student Herman caught a home run.

I'm a sucker! By Jingo's! Zam! J. Smith.

Camillus thinks England was founded by John Bull.

"Dago" sells the bananas, "Ike" takes care of the money.

Camillus began to play ball lately in order to reduce himself.

Student Richard claims he is no ball-player, nevertheless he can catch *flies*.

John Jones accompanied by his parents visited Chicago during the past month.

The graduates are beginning to realize the truth of the old saying, "Finis coronat opus."

Remigius:—Why are almost all shoemakers true friends? Benno:—Because they are faithful to the *last*.

Cyriac to Amelius:—I wish I were finished repeating my history. Amelius:—I thought history repeats itself.

Fidelis to Isidore:—What do people mean by wireless telegraphy? Isidor:—A telegraph pole without wires.

The St. Joseph's are gradually getting into the swim as recently shown by the last two games with the St. X.

Flavian claims the moon cannot be inhabited, because no person ever received a postal card from its shores.

Crooked fingers, broken wrists and lanced legs, are the result of practicing base-ball while the sun does not shine.

"Bob" Halpin to Bosco:—What's your name?

Bosco:—Bosco, Hippo, Dutch, Butch, Theodore, Joseph Hammes.

Ludger and Felix say that if they were the only two in the band they would be able to keep step. We don't believe it.

Othmar happening to have a collision with a telegraph pole exclaimed: "I wish we had the wireless telegraphy around here."

Benjamin says that he will continue carrying water for the boys during the game only on condition that he is voted a card of thanks.

Alfred:—How does it come we have no East and West pole? Alexander:—Oh, because some fellows would explore them and get renowned.

McGill to Braun:—I don't believe Hoerstman would ever hesitate a moment to tell a lie.

Braun:—Oh, I don't know about that.

McGill:—What makes you doubt his sincerity?

Braun:—He stammers too much.

Muhler:—Mac, you ought to be a very good fiction writer.

Mac:—I don't see why.

Muhler:—Why you've the very first characteristic of a good writer.

Mac:—What's that?

Muhler: Large ears to hold your pencil.

Our "uncle Bill" Flaherty received the following Easter greeting last month. "From little Will" of Congerville to "uncle Bill" of Collegeville.

Edward to Casimir:—What would you rather miss, your dinner or a ball-game? Casimir:—Well, I don't know. Either would be likely to give one a sort of a gone feeling.

Albin to Amandus:—Did you hear Richard snore last night?

Amandus:—No.

Albin:—Neither did I.

Ivo:—Why was Goliath surprised when he was struck by David's missile?

Student Herman:—Because such a thing never entered his head before.

Ferdinand Mader, Anthony Knapke, and August Bernard, all of Mercer Co., O., went home this month to take the county examination in the Normal Course. Upon their return we were informed that they passed satisfactorily and have received one year's certificates to teach in that district.

Distant, melodious strains fell upon our ears as we plodded through the shady grove. Louder and louder sounded the music in sublime crescendo. Suddenly the band whirled around the corner with quick step. It was their first outside practice of the season and met with universal applause. Keep it up, boys.

The following advertisement arrived here lately:—The Victor Talking Machine. Loud and clear as the natural voice. Requires no particular skill in handling. — We are happy to state that we are in possession of one of the best *Victor* Talking machines that ever came to the market. The only difference from the original is a special care must be taken in handling it.

The members of the band who have been practicing daily under the direction of Prof. B. Dentinger have made wonderful progress, which is holding us in the highest expectations. We hope since the Sunday evenings are so pleasant that they will entertain us with various musical airs, a pastime which has been sadly neglected at St. Joseph's during the past two years.

The people of Rensselaer certainly have one good characteristic which was made manifest at the last base ball game. They believe in business before pleasure. Dear friends, the game was a good one, and consequently you missed it by not being present. Besides, your presence would have encouraged the home team very much. Can you spare a little time and attention in the future, or should we play all our games some place else?

“Where there is a will there is a way.” You would think this saying true if you noticed St. Joseph’s Volunteers coming right along to the front in most all their undertakings. Their captain has indeed reasons to be proud of them. Their latest additions have been a Drummer Boy in the person of Master J. Burke and a Color Bearer in Mr. Eugene Lonsway. The Drummer has just been fitted out with a brand new drum. This company is now rehearsing the “Confederate Spy” which they intend to give on the eve of Decoration Day. Keep together, boys, your aim is a good one, and united, success will be yours.



HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, E. Werling, E. Wills, E. Vurpillat, H. Hoerstman, J. Braun, P. Welsh, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, R. Goebel, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, J. Bach, A. Lonsway, B. Wellman, J. Diemert, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, C. Fisher, C. VanFlandern, J. McCarthy, N. Keller, J. Smith, E. Freiburger, J. Naughton, A. McGill, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghaus, C. Sibold, W. Hanley, J. Lang, F. Boeke, C. Holthouse, J. Lemper, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, F. Mader, M. Selumaeher, A. Bernard, E. Barnard, T. Hammes, H. Muhler, L. Flory, E. Ley, J. F. Sullivan, J. A. Sullivan, L. Monahan, M. Shea, V. Sibold, J. Hildebrand, W. Flaherty, J. Wessel, J. Jones, T. Quinlan, W. Lieser, H. Heims, J. Miller, A. Bierkmeier, J. Burke, G. Jackson, W. Fisher.

90-95 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, C. Ready, P. Carlos, H. Cooney, J. O'Donnell, J. Bryan, T. Alles, E. Grimme, J. Ramp, R. Ottke, F. Schmitz, F. Maley.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, R. Stoltz, E. Wills, A. Seluette, R. Goebel, I. Wagner, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, F. Wachendorfer, A. Seheidler, M. Ehleringer, E. Pryor, C. Holthouse, J. Bach, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frerieks, J. Lemper, J. Freiburger, W. Hanley, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, C. Baezkowski, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, A. Delaney, F. Boeke, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, C. Koeters, W. Flaherty, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, B. Wellman, A. Barnard, V. Meagher, C. Grube, W. Seheidler, M. O'Connor, C. Fisher, J. Becker, J. Collins, O. Hentges, F. Mader, H. Cooney, M. Koester, H. Hoerstman, B. Holler, E. Flaig, A. McGill, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, F. Didier, R. Schwieterman, L. Monahan, M. Shea, L. Flory, J. Diemert, J. McCarthy, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, J. Naughton, P. Thom, M. Schumacher, W. Meiering, W. Lieser, J. Hildebrand, C. Sibold, J. F. Sullivan, J. Jones, P. Carlos, H. Heim, J. Lang, C. Ready, J. Burke, R. Ottke, J. Ramp.

84-90 PER CENT.

C. VanFlandern, E. Werling, L. Huber, J. Wessel, J. Braun, B. Alt, G. Arnold, E. Vurpillat, R. Bremerkamp, T. Alles, B. Quell, E. Hauk, A. Lonsway, J. A. Sullivan, H. Muhler, F. Schmitz, Jos. Dabbelt, T. Hammes, E. Lonsway, A. Schaefer, V. Sibold, W. Fisher, J. Quinlan, N. Keller, E. Grimme, J. Smith, H. Dahlinghaus, F. Maley.



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Cincinnati
Louisville
And The South.

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Health Resort** **FRENCH LICK SPRINGS**

In the Orange County Highlands
 The Best Mineral Waters on Earth.

City Ticket Office: 232 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Monon Route **TIME
TABLE**

In Effect June 2, 1901.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 4—Mail daily - - 4:30 am
 No. 40—Milk accomodation 7:30 am
 No. 32—Fast Mail - - 9:55 am
 No. 6—Mail and Express 3:30 pm
 No. 30—Mail daily - - 6:32 pm
 No. 46—Local freight - 9:55 am

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 31—Fast Mail - - 4:49 am
 No. 5—Louisville Mail 10:55 am
 No. 33—Indianapolis Mail 1:46 pm
 No. 39—Milk accom - 6:15 pm
 No. 3—Louisville Ex - 11:25 pm
 No. 45—Local freight - 2:40 pm

Train No. 5 has Through Coach for Indianapolis and Cincinnati via Roachdale.

No. 33 Makes connection at Monon with Train No. 11 for points South to Bloomington.

Trains 3 and 4 run daily and are Through Trains carrying elegant Coaches, with Monon celebrated high-back seats and Pullman vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars.